

The Historie of

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come  
and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee:

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it betwo a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding  
in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of  
that I faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quothe  
he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to  
London.

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant  
thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen,  
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

*Cham.* At hand quothe Picke-purſe.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*,  
for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing  
direction doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currât that  
I told you yeſter night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*,  
hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard  
him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind  
of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God  
knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & But-  
ter: they will away preſently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*,  
Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the  
Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as true-  
ly as a man of falſhood may.

*Gad.* What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang,  
Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old ſir *Iohn hâgs*  
with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are o-  
ther

Henry

ther Troians that thou dreame  
ſake are content to do the pr  
(if matters ſhould be lookt in  
whole: I am ioyned with no  
ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of the  
malt-worms, but with nobil  
and great Oneyers, ſuch as c  
ner then ſpeak, & ſpeake ſoon  
then pray; and yet (Zounds)  
their ſaint the common-wea  
prey on her, for they ride vp  
their booties.

*Cham.* What the Comm  
hold out Water in ſoule way

*Gad.* She will; ſhe will, I uſt  
in a Caſtle, cockeſure; wee h  
walke inuiſible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I  
to the night then to Ferneſe

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, the  
chafe, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me

*Gad.* Go to, home is a com  
bring my Gelding out of the

*Enter Prince, Poynes.*

*Poines.* Come ſhaelter, ſhe  
Horſe; and he frets like a gun

*Prince.* Stand cloſe.

*Falſ.* *Poines, Poines*, and be

*Prince.* Peace ye fat kidney  
thou keepe?

*Falſ.* What *Poines*, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walkt vp to th

*Falſ.* I am accuſt to rob in  
hath remoued my horſe, and  
I trauel but 4. foot by the ſqu  
my wind: Well, I doubt n  
this, if I ſcape hanging for kil  
his company houely any ti